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IN MEMORIUM

— OF —

HON. T. D. McGEE

— AND —

CAPT. C. C. BRYDGES.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."—DAVID.

BY THE POET "MARATHON."

S.M.E.
1984

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JOHN T. D. MCGEE

CAPT. C.C. HRYDIEWICZ

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DEDICATION

— TO —

C. J. BRYDGES, Esq.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to dedicate the following poems to you, the one on the tragic death of an illustrous Statesman, with the brightness of whose genius your own could so well sympathize, the other your own affectionate son, Charles, the pride of your manhood and the hope of your declining years. "Snatched away in beauties bloom," from the affections of his Country, and the love of his happy home. They may serve to you not as the productions of genius, but, mementos of two melancholy events, entering so deeply into the recesses of your profound nature.

Trusting you will be sustained under the great trial,

I remain, very respectfully,

Yours,

"MARATHON."

THE ASSASSINATION

OF THE

HON. T. D. McGEE.

BY "MARATHON."

Wake my harp and pour thy music
Doleful on thy country's ear
Call her from her morning's slumber,
To pour forth a mutual tear,
Sorrows deep baptize my harp strings
And bedew the Poet's song,
As it trembles on his spirit
While he pours it on the throng.

List my country while my deep notes,
Tell thee of the arm of blood,
Now in peerless vengeance lifted
Gainst the eternal laws of God.
Yea despite the laws that keep us
Safe from every hideous fear,
Bought by blood of our ancestors
Held by us than life more dear.

Mourn that on thy breast there treadeth,
One so vile of demon heart,
Whose dark deed of hellish daring
Tore McGee's life strings apart
While those classic lips were cooling
From those strains of living fire,
That well'd from his patriot spirit,
Which did oft those lips inspire.

Lurked the dark satanic spirit,
Waiting with his purpose deep,
To uplift the blow of horor,
That will cause two lands to weep.
O! What country flung his members
First upon his native shore
And what bosom fondly nursed him,
Thus to stain his hands in gore.

Heinous is the deed of horror,
It affronts our every power,
That thus tore him from pedestals,
Where his wings alone could tower.
It has hushed the silvery music,
That did warble in his song,
And suspended flowing rivers,
That burst often from his tongue.

Pa[illegible] are the fruitful fingers,
That [illegible]cribed us ancient lore,
And imparted to our country
Gifts we cannot boast of more.
Deck the platform, clothe it deeply,
In its ebon robes of pride,
Call our country's sons and tell them,
How its peerless champion died.

Tell them that his tongue of fire
Never more will greet them here,
Ask their classic taste to give us
On his dust a pearly tear.
Hush'd the eloquence that took them
To imperial realms of light,
Brought their treasure neath his genius
That pour'd on them lustre bright.

And their heart caught inspiration,
Aim'd to clime the hill of fame,
While he bore them on his pinions,
To its brow to write their name.
We shall bask within the radiance
Of his eloquence no more,
For his mighty spirit's left us
For another boundless shore.

If he sinned against the Nation,
He oft wash'd those sins in tears,
Kept his vow and spent his genius
For us through the troubled years.
And has fallen for our country
For its sake his head is bowed,
'Cause he fought her battles bravely,
Sunk he neath this sable cloud.

Britain do thy duty manly
Noble hath he given thee,
His own life to hand thy greatness
Down to all posterity.
Do him honor whose effulgence
Glow'd around thy lofty name,
Adding lustre to thy jewels
That hang round thy crown of fame.

Lovely Erin thou canst proudly
Boast of many a genius bright,
Who have woven brilliant garlands
That will burn with changeless light.
On thy lofty page of history
Studded there are many a gem,
That will glow with radiant lustre
Sparkling like the diadem.

'Mong the noble genial spirits
That have signed the roll of fame,
That emit their lustre ever
Like some Satelites aflame
There McGee will shine perrenial
And his name in living light,
Ceaseless as the stars that burneth
Lovely in the depths of night.

Wexford county let thy heavens
Bring their clouds of darkest hue,
Let them robe thy bosom Caltiford
That gave us this genius true.
Let them pour their tears of sorrow
On that lovely emerald land,
Cause her son's untimely fallen
Low by the assassin's hand.

Born upon thy lovely bosom
Rambled o'er thy greenest dale,
By the pleasant banks of Slaney
Catching oft its bracing gale.
Early drank of streamlets gushing
From thy castles legends fair,
Treasured in his heart the knowledge
That his ancestors declare

And he early learnt to love thee
Round thee his young genius burned,
Sung of hill and dale and Mountain
As his heart towards them turned,
Sang of all thy childrens beauty
Of their purity and love,
And the guardian care that heaven
Kindly lent them from above.

And his pencil traced thy history
With his strong commanding sense,
And transcribed her wit and humor
And her burning eloquence.
O! for what bright deed of daring
Sons of Erin's lovely sod,
Has the foul hand of the assassin
Sent him early to his God.

Irish hearts why d' abt the affection
In him to your native land,
All her glories dwelt within him
And shone throughout his heart and hand.
Once his love with erring judgment,
Brandished for her long ago,
Swords that thirsted for the Honors,
That doth from true valour glow.

Till the opening years of manhood
Taught him better of her fate,
Then with true and nobler instinct,
He learned his first acts to hate,
Yea he moulded Irish spirits
Neath his great majestic own,
Guiding all her erring children
Back to love Brittania's throne.

Noblest sentiments did tremble,
Last Eve on his lips of fire,
Teaching statesmen that their duty
Was to lift the nation higher.
Not to follow but to lead her
On in holy sentiment,
To consolidate the nation,
And calm all her discontent.

Once did Nazareth's son of sorrow,
Ask ungrateful Israel why—
For which deed of noble kindness
Did the stones around him fly?
So I ask the sons of Erin,
For which deed to Ireland,
Did our noblest statesman quiver
'Neath the foul assassin's hand?

Rather boast that thou wert able
To give birth to such a son,
Whose immortal genius towerd
Glorious as the noonday sun.
Let thy rivers speed be lessen'd,
By the Banks of Slaney dear,
And her clouds distil from heaven
On his memory a tear.

Drape his birthplace now in Sack-cloth,
Cast ye ashes o'er her head,
Let her children pour their sorrow
Over the illustrious dead.
And thou Canada his country
By adoption long ago,
Let thy tears of sorrow freely
For thy loftiest statesman flow.

Weep thou Maple Leaf profusely,
Weep the loss of eloquence,
That burned round thy country's glory,
Causing it to glow intense.
Curse the cause that hired the demon,
To thus strike so near thy heart,
Ope'd a wound within thy bosom
That will long yet keenly smart.

Like some star gone from its axis,
Leaving all so void behind.
So the Senate of our country
Is without his lustrous mind.
Let the demon act awake us
For the future to prepare,
This is but a little omen,
Of the dreadful coming war.

Wake my country, let thy valour
Burn again in deeds of fame ;
Let thy sons prepare to keep her
History with unsullied name.
Days of darkness may await us,
Steel the breast for every foe,
In the trial let our natures
In immortal lustre glow.

Hand a name that will not perish
On the tablets deep of time,
Like the genius that has left us
Worthy bard's immortal Rhyme.
May Heaven's retributive justice
Soon point to the arm of blood,
Whose demoniac power untimely
Sent him thus to meet his God.

And his ignominous memory
Wear the crown of infamy,
That his own foul hand hath woven
In the murder of McGee.
Hush my muse, but let thy sorrow
In the tears of friendship lave,
To bedew the lovely flowers,
That will deck the statesman's *grave*.

Yea, our country's heart is bleeding
Deeply at its inner core,
'Cause his silvery tongue will bless them
With its eloquence no more,
'Cause her lofty statesman's powers
Ne'er more will project a plan,
Stamp the brightness of his genius
On it for the good of man.

Yea, the cruel arm that struck him
Will upon itself recoil,
And drive out the Fenian spirit
Far from our Canadian soil.
No cause yet has ever prospered
Built on crimes of such a hue,
No humanity united
Could to it continue true.

If our tears of blood could bring thee
From the cruel jaws of death,
Rivers of them would be flowing
To bring back thy vital breath,
Cruel was the fate that took thee
From our fond embrace away,
Without giving thee a moment
To kneel 'fore thy God to pray.

Had we but a single hour
Just to hear thy mighty soul
Print her last words of affection
On our country's history—scroll.
'Twould have kindled bliss within us
Just to hear thy last words tell,
What their eloquence would utter
In their words of last farewell.

But e'en this dark fate denied us
Death hath given the fatal blow,
Stop'd the Eloquential River
That did o'er his sweet lips flow.
Still in death thou wert our Samson,
Slaying in thy mortal hour
More than sword or pen could doubtless
In the prime of Manhood's power.

For thy death will arm with power
All our Land unitedly,
For to curse the Fenian demon,
That slew our beloved McGee.
Brother we shall often sorrow
Round the precincts of thy grave,
And our love 'll adorn its bosom
With the ensigns of the brave.

Never did a child of genius,
Sink beneath his country's sky,
That wrung from her deeper sorrow
Or raised sounds of woe so high.
Sleep my brother on the bosom
Of thy country's breast of love,
And may heaven but kindly give thee
Access to his throne above.

I must drop my harp of sorrow
Since it 'vaileth naught for thee,
Songs of loftiest genius cannot
Bring thee back, my loved McGee.
But we'll trust thine own harp chanteth
Songs of love in realms of light,
That will never cease in music,
But for e'er thy soul delight.

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IN MEMORIUM.

Captain Charles Chandos Brydges,

BELOVED SON OF C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGER OF G. T. R.

Montreal, April 14, 1868.

Native Muse come pour thy sorrow
Weeping, o'er the grave of one
Who in years of early manhood
To the eternal world hath gone.
Death hath aim'd the unerring arrow
That brings all the mighty low,
Bloom and beauty now in glory,
Did before its power bow.

In the budding bloom of manhood,
Just as he applied the oar,
And his heart expanding boundless,
Aiming for life's distant shore;
And its ocean stretched before him
Hopes were kindling in the soul,
All her own transcendent lustre
Pour'd its light without controll.

Briliantly she plumed her pinions,
Aim'd to take her lofty flight
Where the mightiest wings have towered
In their own immortal light;
How it glow'd within his bosom
Pouring rays o'er every part,
Little dreaming death would mantle
All its lustre in the heart.

Clouds were clear and heaven was brightning,
Life's sea calm and all was bliss,
And the heart thought it could ever
Dwell in heaven so pure as this;
Home was love, and love was swaying
Her own sceptre on the heart,
Which defied life's storms and tempest,
Evermore to bid them part.

And they thought this bliss would ever
'Round their happy home abide,
'Till the fervour of his genius
Would show forth its strength and pride;
Fondly hoped to bring what laurels
Fame would weave around his brow,
Cause their hearts to dance in gladness
At the glory it would shew.

Genius, wealth, and learning offered
To hold out the cup of fame,
And the stirrings of his spirit,
Shewed he lov'd to drink the same,
And mid lofty spirits tower
With a wing so firm and bold,
To write his name by deeds of daring
In the brightest hues of gold.

That the Nation's heart may proudly
Hand it in succession down
As an ornament of lustre
To adorn Britannia's crown;
Like the mighty name that's left us
Casting perfume o'er the land,
Like the box of ointment broken
Once by Mary's loving hand.

Beauty wove her lovely roses
On his cheeks of youthful bloom,
Little thinking death would early
Fling them in his gorgeous tomb.
Power, nor wealth, nor brightest genius,
Could bribe death to miss his blow,
To let the brightness of his spirit
On the world its lustre glow.

Hearts of love are prostrate bleeding,
Death but trampled on them more,
Cut the tie and bid his spirit
Fly to its eternal shore.
O! 'tis pain beyond all measure
Not to feel his warm heart beat,
All the depths of its affection
In its own inherent heat;

And gives woe to know they'll never
Feel it pulsate any more,
'Till they meet his happy spirit
On heaven's own bright sunny shore;
But 'tis right since God would have it,
He had brighter gifts of love
Better suited to his spirit
In that world of bliss above.

O'er the grave of blooming beauty,
We shall pour the pearly tear,
Cherish in our hearts the memory
Of one loved by all so dear;
Long adieu immortal spirit,
'Till we come to visit thee,
On the brightest banks of Salem,
Singing there eternally.